

A true and perfect Copy of the

LORD ROOS

His Answer to the Marquesse of Dorchester's

LETTER

written the 25 of February 1659.

SIR,



Were you were among your *Gallypots* and *Glisterpipes*, when you gave your Choller so violent a Purge, to the fouling of so much innocent paper, and your own reputation (if you had any, which the wise very much doubt) you had better bin drunk & set in Stocks for it, when you sent the Post with a whole packet of Chartells to me; in which you have discovered so much vapouring nonsense and rayling, that it is wholsomer for your credit, to have it thought the effect of drink, then your own naturall talent in perfect minde & memory: for if you understand any thing in your own Trade, you could not but know that the Hectick of your own brain is more desperate then the Tertian fits of mine, which are easily cured with a little sleep; but yours is past the remedy of a Morter and braying. But I wonder with what confidence you can accuse me with the discovery of private passages between us, when you are so open your self, that every man sees through you; or how could I disclose perfectly any thing in your Epistles to my Father and Mother, which was not before very well known to your Tutors and Schoolmasters, whose instructions you used in compiling those voluminous works. Let any man judge, whether I am so likely to divulge secrets as you, who cannot forbear Printing and publishing: Your Labours are now cry'd in the streets of *London*, with Ballads on the *Rump*, and *Hewsons* Lamentations; and the Lord of *Dorchester's* name makes a greater noyse in a close Alley then Kitchingstufte, or work for a Tinker: and all this by your own industry, who are not ashamed at the same instant to pretend to secrecy, with no lesse absurdity then you commit, when accusing me for using foul Language, you doe out doe *Billingsgate* your self. But now you begin to vapour, and to tell us you have ~~been before~~ *so I have heard you have*, with your Wife, and Poet, but if you came off with no more honour then when you were beaten by my Lord *Grandison*, you had better have kept that to your self, if it were possible for you to conceale any thing: but I cannot but laugh at the untoward course you take to render your self formidable, by bragging of your Fights, when you are terrible onely in your medicines: if you had told us how many you had killed that way, and how many you have cut in pieces, besides *Calves* and *Dogs*, a right valiant man that has any wit, would tremble to come near you: and if by your threatening to ramme your Sword down my throat, you doe not mean your Pills, which are a more dangerous weapon, the worst is past, and I am safe enough: for as for your Feats of Armes, there is no half quarter of a man that is so wretched, but would venture to give you battayl, but you are most unsufferable in your unconscionable ingrossing of all Trades: Is it not enough that you are already as many things as any of your own receipts, that you are a Doctor of the Civill Law, and a Barister at the Common, a Benchier of *Gray's-Inne*, a professour of Physick and a Fellow of the Colledge; a Mathematician, Oaldean, a Schoolman and a piece of a Grammarian, (as your last work can shew were it contrued) a Philosopher, Poet, Translator, Antisocordist, Solliciter, Broker and Usurer; besides a Marquesse, Earl, Vicount and Baron; but you must, like Dr. *Suttle*, professe quarrelling too, and publish your self an Hector; of which calling there are so many already, that they can hardly live on by another. Sir, truly there is no conscience in it, considering you have not onely, a more sure and safe way of killing men already then they have, but a plentiful Estate besides: So many Trades, & yet have so little conscience to ear the bread out of their mouths; they have great reason to lay it to heart, & I hope some of them will demand reparation of you and make you give them compounding dinners too, as well as you have done to the rest of your Fraternities; and now be your own Iudge, whether any one man can be bound in honour to Fight with such an *Hydra* as you are; a Monster of many heads, like the multitude, or the Devil that call'd himself *Legion*; such an encounter would be no Duell but War, which I never heard that any one man ever made alone; and I must levy Forces ere I can meet you, for if every one of your capacities had but a Second, you would amount to a Brigade, as your Letter does to a Declaration; in which I cannot omit that in one respect you have dealt very ingeniously, and that is, in publishing to the world, that all your Heroicall resolutions are built upon your own opinion of my want of courage: this argues you well studied in the dimensions of quarrelling; among which, one of the chiefeft shews how to take measure of another mans valour, by comparing it with your own, to make your approaches accordingly: but as the least mistake betrayes you to an infallible beating, so you had far'd, and perhaps had had the Honour which you seem to desire, of falling by my Sword, if I had not thought you a thing fitter for any mans contempt then anger.